

SILENT



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LOVE'S MEMORIAL.

BY ALBERT DEWLAND.

Love pays this tribute to the dead,
With these mute tokens pure and fair,
Whose fragrance rising on the air,
Reaches the angels over head.

Love pays this tribute to the dead,
With gentle hand and tear-dimmed eyes,
For some one's cherished darling lies
Slumbering in every grass-grown grave.

O, rare, sweet flowers, you come between
The dead and living with your smile,
And Memory of Grief beguile,
And robe it with undying green.

And drifting over each dear head,
Revive the words of love they spoke,
Ere Death the charmed circle broke,
Until they are no longer dead.

But walk beside us, talk and sing
Old songs, forgotten like our dreams;
Gaze in the dimples of the streams
And praise the balm of ancient Spring.

Touch each dear chord of tenderness,
Relight the fires of Love gone out,
Linger each pleasant spot about,
While everything they touch they bless.

And grow, as glide the changing years,
Into the heart, rebuilding there
The crumbled castles once so fair
From maiden's and from mother's tears.

Rare flowers that catch the morning's breath
As softer grows the changing skies,
This is your sweetest sacrifice,
That sorrow's sting extracts from Death.

The above was written in Columbus, Ohio, several years ago, and read on Decoration Day. It was incorporated in the published reports of the ceremonies. The author graduated from the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in 1867.

Only One Arm.

It ill behoves the *Times* to boast, but there has just been added to our force a one-armed apprentice, Louis Kirst, who lost his left arm last year in the centrifugal wringer. Of course he labors under a great disadvantage, but on his second day, after he had learned the boxes, he "set up" a "stick" and a half of brevier, doing his own justifying as well as any one. The foreman expects to become quite accomplished as a one-handed workman himself, as he is obliged to do all the "showing" with one hand in order to have it effective.—*Wisconsin Times*.

On the Increase.

The number of ministers to the deaf is increasing rapidly. Two have entered the ranks since last September and it is reported that a number of others have under consideration the same step. The calling is an exacting one, but the opportunities for usefulness are great. It would be well, however, for those taking this step, to have some means of support besides contributions, for the deaf as a class are not rich, and being widely scattered, it would take almost the whole of such collections to pay traveling expenses, and for the credit of the class the support of these ministers should come mainly from the deaf themselves.—*Kentucky Deaf-Mute*.

HELEN KELLER'S LETTER

Dr. Holmes Adds Kind and Touching Words.

She Tells the Good Poet That She Loves Him and is Sorry He Has No Little Children.

The readers of this little paper may remember a sketch of the blind deaf-mute Helen Keller which appeared several months ago in its pages together with a beautiful poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman. The wonderful child has become almost as well known as Laura Bridgeman. In the May number of the *Atlantic*, in an article, "Over the Tea-cups," that kindly and whole-souled man and poet Dr. Holmes published a letter lately received from her, and adds genial and touching words of his own. We give them below. We are glad to find that though age may have dimmed his eye, and deadened his ear, his heart is as tender as ever. Indeed we have found the cultured and learned are far more sympathetic and ready to give a kindly helping word to the unfortunate—those who dwell in eternal silence, and sit in shadow—than those who, though ready with their purse, are too busy to stop and "lend a hand." And long after the money given for "charity's sake" is gone, has not the kindly, helpful word lived and been a beacon of light to some lonely soul. But the world need both. "Who maketh the dumb or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord." Ex., 4., 11. Dr. Holmes writes:

"Among the letters I have recently received, none is more interesting than the following. The story of Helen Keller who wrote it is told in the well known illustrated magazine called *'The Wide Awake'*, in the number for July, 1888. For the account of this little girl, now between nine and ten years old, refer to the article I have mentioned. It is enough to say that she is deaf and dumb and blind. She was seven years old when her teacher, Miss Sullivan, under the direction of Mr. Anagnos, at the Blind Asylum at South Boston, began her education. A child fuller of life and happiness it would be hard to find. It seems as if her soul was flooded with light and filled with music that had found an entrance to it through avenues closed to other mortals. It is hard to understand how she has learned to deal with abstract ideas, and so far to supplement the blanks left by the senses of sight and hearing that one would hardly think of her as wanting in any human faculty. Remember Milton's pathetic picture of himself, suffering from only one of poor little Helen's deprivations:

"Not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and
Rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut
out."

Surely, for this loving and lovely child does

"the celestial Light
Shine inward."

Anthropologist, metaphysician, most of all theologian, here is a lesson which can teach you much that you will not find in your primers and catechisms. Why should I call her "poor little Helen?" Where can you find a happier child?

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., March 1, 1890.

DEAR KIND POET—I have thought of you many times since that bright Sunday when I bade you good-bye, and I am going to write a letter because I love you. I am sorry that you have no little children to play with sometimes, but I think you are very happy with your books, and your many, many friends. On Washington's birthday a great many people came here to see the little blind children, and I read for them from your poems, and showed them some beautiful shells which came from a little island near Palos. I am reading a very sad story called "Little Jakey." Jakey was the sweetest little fellow you can imagine, but he was poor and blind. I used to think, when I was small and before I could read, that everybody was always happy, and at first it made me very sad to know about pain and great sorrow; but now I know that we could never learn to be brave and patient, if there were only joy in the world. I am studying about the insects in zoology, and I have learned many things about butterflies. They do not make honey for us, like the bees, but many of them are as beautiful as the flowers they light upon, and they always delight the hearts of little children. They live a gay life, flitting from flower to flower, sipping the drops of honey dew without a thought for the morrow. They are just like little boys and girls when they forget books and studies, and run away to the fields to gather wild-flowers, or wade in the ponds for fragrant lilies, happy in the bright sunshine. If my little sister comes to Boston next June, will you let me bring her to see you? She is a lovely baby and I am sure you will love [her]. Now I must tell my gentle poet good-bye, for I have a letter to write home before I go to bed,

From your loving little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER.

The reading of this letter made many eyes glisten, and a dead silence hushed the whole circle. All at once Delilah, our pretty tablemaid, forgot her place—what business had

she to be listening to our conversation and reading?—and began sobbing, just as if she had been a lady. She couldn't help it, she explained afterwards—she had a little blind sister at the asylum, who had told her about Helen's reading to the children.

It was very awkward this breaking-down of our pretty Delilah, for one girl crying will sometimes set off a whole row of others—it is as hazardous as lighting one cracker in a bunch. The two Annexes hurried out their pocket handkerchiefs, and I almost expected a semi-hysterical cataclysm. At this critical moment Number Five called Delilah to her, looked into her face with those calm eyes of hers, and spoke a few soft words. Was Number Five forgetful, too? Did she not remember the difference of their position? I suppose so. But she quieted the poor handmaiden as simply and easily as a nursing mother quiets her unweaned baby. Why are we not all in love with Number Five? Perhaps we are. At any rate, I suspect the Professor. When we all get quiet, I will touch him up about that visit she promised to make to his laboratory.

Third Teachers' Institute.

We have received a copy of the minutes of the Third Teachers' Institute of the Kansas Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, an octavo pamphlet of about thirty pages. The questions which most frequently come up for discussion among teachers of the deaf were treated in this conference, and many excellent suggestions were made. The mere fact that this report has come into existence is proof of a commendable degree of zeal among our Kansas friends.

Great Ability.

The following item from the *Colorado Index* shows the readiness with which intelligent deaf-mutes can make themselves understood in pantomime:

Mr. George Hanlon, of Fantasma fame, called at the school Monday to see Mr. and Mrs. Ray and make enquiries after Wilford Mortimer. Wilford has great talent as a mimic of the burlesque order, and on the occasion of the entertainment given by the pupils before the Legislature at the Tabor Grand in Denver last year, attracted the attention of Messrs. Hanlon to such an extent that they offered him a place in their company, with every opportunity to further develop his talent. The offer was declined, as the young man's education is far from finished. Mr. Hanlon was so much interested in the subject that Mr. Ray offered to prepare an entertainment next year when the Hanlon Company should stop in Colorado Springs, that would show off Wilford's abilities to the best advantage. Before leaving, Mr. Hanlon invited Mr. and Mrs. Ray to attend the performance of Fantasma at the opera in the evening and also left a pass admitting four of the officers and boys.

The ◊ Silent ◊ Worker.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

AT THE

New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes.

* All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TRENTON, MAY 29, 1890.

OUR matron, Miss Flynn, has met with a sad affliction this month, in the death of her father, which occurred on the 1st instant. The funeral services were held at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, on Saturday, the 7th instant. Mrs. Miller kindly volunteered to sing the beautiful piece of church music called the Ecce Panis, which, in her rich voice, added very much to the touching and impressive character of the service. Rev. Fidelis M. Voigt delivered an excellent address. Several of the teachers and officers of the school attended the services. Mr. Flynn had been ill for some time, but a speedily fatal result was not expected until a day or two before his death.

THE close of the school year is rapidly approaching. Of course, the pupils are pleased at the prospect of seeing their parents, brothers and sisters again, but they seem less eager to get away than they have been in other years. They talk much in this way: "The school is good—we have study, work and play in turn. The ground is very lovely, just like a park. It is cool and shady in hot days. In the city it is very hot in summer, both day and night. The trustees are very kind. They give us plenty of things to work with in the shops, they let us lay out a good ball ground, and they have swings put up for the girls." But, after all, there is no place like home—at least for vacation time.

SOME months ago we gave in the SILENT WORKER a little account of the whale, his size, strength and habits so far as known, also a description of the way in which he is captured. Some of our readers thought that our credulity had been imposed upon, and that statements which we made were exaggerated. Within the present month, however, our pupils have had a chance to see for themselves what a whale is like. The embalmed carcass of a whale sixty-five feet long, and which weighed, when taken from the water, seventy-five tons, was on exhibition on a canal-boat in this city, and our pupils visited it, on the kind invitation of the proprietors. They were much interested in it, and we have received several descriptions of it, for insertion in our columns. We have selected one, not as the best written, but as especially creditable because the writer is a little girl. The older pupils we expect to write better, but this is very good for so young a pupil.

IN the April number of the SILENT WORKER we mentioned that Mr. Albert Ballin, the deaf-mute artist, had paid a visit of a few days to Trenton, and that he had some professional work on hand, in regard to which we did not give any further particulars. His object in coming to Trenton at that time, we are now at liberty to say, was to take a portrait in pastel of Hon. J. Hart Brewer, at the order of the Lochiel Club, of which Mr. Brewer is the genial and popular president. With the aid of a photograph, and of a brief interview with Mr. Brewer, obtained during a visit to his manufactory of the delicate "Belleek" porcelain, Mr. Ballin succeeded in making an excellent likeness. On the evening of May 20th, a special meeting of the Lochiel Club was held, and Mr. Ballin, by invitation, came on from New York to be present. Hon. E. O. Chapman, the Secretary of our Board, who is a prominent member of the Lochiel Club, and who was the originator of the movement to procure the portrait, under some plausible pretext got the club members together in the parlor and made a humorous speech, ending up with the presentation of the picture. Mr. Brewer was taken quite by surprise, but responded in a very neat and witty speech. After looking at the portrait, which was pronounced an excellent likeness, the company were entertained by bright and good-natured remarks from various gentlemen present, and by some of Mr. Ballin's unequalled pantomimic stories. Refreshments were served and jollity prevailed until a late hour, when the party broke up in the best of humour.

WE don't want to appear too sensitive, but we really would like to receive credit from our esteemed contemporaries for any articles of ours which they may honor us by reproducing in their columns. Our Arkansas friend, the *Optic*, somehow fails to see our name in connection with the items which it occasionally quotes from us, and a recent number of the *Berkeley News* borrowed a story of ours without credit. As there were references in the article to incidents occurring in "this school," the omission of the credit might lead to misapprehensions.

GOVERNOR ABBETT sent to the Senate, on the 19th of this month, the name of Mr. James M. Seymour, for the highly responsible position of Supervisor of the State Prison. The Senate did not act on the nomination, but the compliment deservedly paid to Mr. Seymour's business ability, in his selection by so keen a judge of men as Governor Abbett cannot fail to be gratifying to his many friends. It is needless to say to those who know him that this offer came to Mr. Seymour without any solicitation on his part.

SCHREIBER'S BOOKS.

Illustrations of the Different Parts of the World.

The superintendent and teachers of this school are always glad to find in any of the institution papers accounts of the methods or books used in other schools. We wish to mention an aid to instruction which has been found very helpful in our classes—Schreiber's Picture-books (BILDERWERKE), a series published in Germany, but obtainable at any German book store in our larger cities. There are in all eight sets of from 24 to 60 colored pictures each, with explanatory text, in German. The different parts of the world are illustrated in these pictures, which show the scenery, the vegetation, the animals and the tribes of mankind which are characteristic of the several regions.

One set is devoted to the most important poisonous plants, and to the cultivated plants, fruit and nut trees of the temperate zone, another to the cultivated plants of warmer countries. Another set illustrates geology, in the present and in past ages, others show the inhabitants, animals and forest trees of the different zones, and the last of the series deals with physics. For convenience in handling, the pictures should be mounted on pasteboard and framed, and they may conveniently be arranged in rows along the school-room wall, and held in place by a grooved board along the bottom and one along the top. A capable teacher having a full equipment of such pictures, with maps and a globe, can, we think, teach geography better than can be done from any text-book without the aid of illustrations.

Wallace Cook Gone Home.

Wallace Cook was obliged to leave school, on the 24th of this month. We are very sorry to have him go, as he was a very bright companion, and was becoming a good typo. He has left behind him a manuscript story which we shall perhaps print in another number.

George Mitchell About Again.

George Mitchell has been having a pretty hard time of it lately. About a month ago he cut his knee, and no sooner had he got over that than he received a severe blow on the thigh from a stick of cordwood, while working with it, prying out a tree stump. The bruise was very severe, and an abscess formed which was very painful and tedious. He is now all right again and we all are very glad of it. George is a general favorite, being a boy of good principles and pleasant temper.

Eye and Ear Infirmary Report.

We have received a copy of the first Annual Report of the Trenton Eye and Ear Infirmary, at 121 East Hanoverstreet. One would read this little pamphlet through without gathering from the report of the surgeon that it is mainly to his generosity that this enterprise has had to look for pecuniary aid as well as for professional services. Dr. McIlwaine is one of those rare men who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame," and we fear that this little mention of his good deeds would not meet with his approval; but he has done so much for our pupils, without fee or reward, that we cannot forbear to speak of his kindness. We trust that this benevolent institution may receive all the support it may need.

A Little Girl Baby.

Mrs. Joseph Stevenson, who, as Miss Julia F. Brearley, was for several years one of our most highly prized teachers, on the 14th of the present month became the mother of a fine little girl. Mother and child are well. We cordially congratulate the parents on the addition of this tender twig to the family tree.

Mr. Ballin Contributes.

During Mr. Ballin's recent visit at the school, the manageress of the projected fair besought him for a contribution. He called for painting materials, sat down and dashed off a sketch in water color, which he calls "Impressions of Venice." It was a wonder to the few advanced art pupils who were allowed to watch him at work, to see how rapidly and surely he painted. The sketch is full of poetic feeling. He also sketched an Arab head, which is quite in the style of Schreyer.

Decoration Day.

Among all our holidays, the thirtieth of May seems to have become the popular favorite for public celebrations and outdoor enjoyments. The season is, in our latitude at least, the very best time of the year for processions, assemblages and games in the open air. The summer foliage and flowers are in all their glory, but the excessive summer heats have not begun. A pretty fair division of the day between patriotism and sport is very generally made. In the morning we have the processions, flowers and speeches, in the afternoon, base ball games, athletic meetings and picnics. In this school we observe the holiday in both those ways. In the morning the pupils are assembled and exercises of a patriotic nature are held. In the afternoon the pupils are given liberty, which they may use in playing games, or in taking walks, or otherwise as they may choose. They are expecting a glorious time to-morrow unless it should rain.

The Quadrennial Convention.

The Quadrennial Convention of Instructors of the Deaf will be held at the New York Institution, during the last week of August. All persons connected in any way, as directors, principals or teachers, with institutions for the deaf, are invited to be present at the meetings of the convention. On the principle, "once a priest, always a priest," this invitation is extended to those who were formerly, but are not now engaged in the work of deaf-mute instruction. We have not received, as yet, any programme of the work laid out for the convention—indeed, it is rather too early to look for it—but we trust that the illustrations of methods of teaching, which were so prominent a part of the convention of 1886, will be made an equally successful feature in this summer's meeting. The spacious buildings and the breezy, picturesque grounds of the New York Institution offer a charming and convenient meeting place, and with so genial and polished a host as Dr. Peet, aided by that veteran provider of good things, Mr. Brainerd, and with the co-operation of the whole corps of officers and teachers, it will be odd if everything is not done for the comfort and enjoyment of the guests. New Jersey, of course, being a near neighbor, and, in a way, an offshoot from the New York Institution, will be well represented on the occasion.

CONTRIBUTED BY PUPILS.

Matters Interesting to Them
Written for the Silent
Worker.

ELLA ECKEL.

We girls got up very early yesterday morning in order to see the men pitching tents, but when they came back they brought no news for the others. Mrs. Ellis planned this for them; she said she felt as if she was tired out all day. We guess sound sleep would satisfy her enough.

BESSIE SUTPHIN.

Last Monday I came back to the school. I rode up in a cab, and I had on a silk dress and it was very pretty. Grandma gave me five cents, and I thanked her. My papa is very good, and he gave me some bananas when I was home. Mamma went walking with me. I had a nice long walk in the evening. Mamma and papa want to see Miss Bunting at my home.

ALFRED KING.

Mr. Ranald Douglas is a photographer. He was educated in the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. Mr. Douglas told Mrs. Ellis, who is the supervisor of the boys, about John B. Ward. When John was a little boy, he put a stone on the sidewalk, and a blind man walked along the street and he struck his foot against the stone and fell down. Mr. Douglas taught John how to spell with his fingers. He took him to his photograph gallery and took his picture on the card.

WALLACE COOK.

Last March 27th I went home because my father had gone away on business to the South, and I took care of the place. I liked to stay home. The work I did, was to give the horse food and water, to cut the wood, to help my mother and to do errands. I read a book called, "Heroes in the Dark Continent." It was a nice book; it had true stories about the great African explorers. The most famous explorers were Dr. David Livingstone, Henry M. Stanley and Emin Pasha. Dr. Livingstone died some time ago.

H. F. PIDCOCK.

Sugar is sweet. It is white or yellow or brown. We can buy sugar in a grocery store. There are several kinds, namely, granulated, loaf, powdered, coffee and brown sugar. The grocer wraps sugar in paper bags. He ties it up by string. He buys it by the barrel. Louisiana raises the most sugar cane. The most costly is white sugar. Maple sugar comes from trees. I take sugar in my coffee. I take two spoonfuls. Sugar is healthy. It does not grow on trees. Candy is made of sugar and molasses. We get much sugar from Cuba.

PAUL NEIDERMAN.

The flea, the grasshopper, and skip-jack decided to see which could jump up the highest. They requested the whole world to come and look at them. The king promised to give the winner his daughter. The flea jumped first, and he jumped very high and quick, and the king said the flea did not jump at all. The grasshopper sprang by rising on both feet, and he jumped right in the king's face. The king said he was rash. Then the skip-jack was still for a long while. The people began to think he would not spring, but he jumped right into the princess' lap. The king said that the grasshopper was rash. The flea went to Russia, fought in the war, and was killed. The skip-jack married the princess.

CORA H. CAVENNER.

Tuesday May 13th the pupils went to see the whale in the boat, and I saw the whale was a very large animal, and a man showed the whale to Mr. Jenkins, and it had a large mouth and I think the man put the chair and table and paper-flowers in its mouth. The whale was 65 feet long and 35 feet around. It was very large, and a man put the hat on the whale, and a man showed the picture to some of the girls and boys. I saw a stove in the boat. The man gave the pupils papers and they read about the whale. A whale is the largest animal, but it stayed in the boat for two years and the whale was dead. Some of the girls feared the whale. Whales are caught by men who go out in boats and throw a spear into the whale.

EMMA BEESLEY.

April 30th all the pupils went to the circus. I had a good time. I saw some Indians dance in the circus and a Chinaman turned somersaults on the ground. There was a lady standing on a trapeze and she looked very proud. I think she showed off. Another lady had on roller-skates. One lady was dressed in a pretty white silk dress and she was a pretty dancer and had a sweet smile. The cowboys shot the Indians and they fell off the horses. Some were running on the ground. The monkey rode the pony and a clown hung on the trapeze. A boy and girl ran a race. One man rode an elephant and another was on a camel's back.

JAMES R. WORTH.

Last Saturday I went fishing in the lake in the park. I trolled for pike. I caught three big pike and the pike bite the ham. I noticed many pike hiding under the pond lilies. Some young boys caught some sun fish. The hearing boys were surprised to see me holding the pike in my hand. They were disappointed because the fish run away in the water. Paul Niederman caught two pike.

New Resort.

A new health resort has been established about a mile and a half from Englishtown, N. J., where an iron spring, which is said to have valuable medicinal qualities, has been discovered in the heart of an extensive pine forest. The proprietors are building a fine hotel, and are laying out drives through the pine woods. It is said that there are, or will be, twenty-five miles of road on the place. The name of Pineland has been given to the resort, and it is expected that it will be a rival of the famous piney woods resort Lakewood.

Dr. Moore Pays Us a Visit.

Dr. Gideon E. Moore of New York, spent Sunday the 18th at the school, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. We can hardly claim Dr. Moore as a deaf-mute, since he was fourteen years old when he lost his hearing, and at that age he was already a promising student in literary and scientific branches. However, from his long and intimate association, both at home and at school, with his deaf-mute brother, the eminent artist, Mr. Humphrey Moore, he has become an adept in the sign language and he has a great deal of interest in and of sympathy with deaf-mutes as a class. On Sunday evening Dr. Moore narrated to our pupils some incidents of travel in Europe, in which they were much interested. Dr. Moore is an analytical chemist, and stands very high in his profession.

CHINA'S DEAF-MUTES.

Is it Right to Aid Them? We
Take the Side of the Good
Samaritan on the Question
"Who is my Neighbour."

Some of our contemporaries are criticising unfavorably the project of raising money in America to support a school for the deaf-mutes of China. We do not think the objections well founded. We are not sure that it would not be worth while for the deaf-mutes in this country to contribute to such an object even if it were to do the Chinese no good. It would at least do the givers good. Our pupils receive a great deal. The State gives money freely to support the school; our trustees give their time, which is very valuable, and spend their money to come here and see that everything is right, and that the pupils get the full benefit of the State's money. The pupils can make no return in money to the State or the trustees, and they don't want any. What they do want is to see the pupils grow up into good and useful men and women. If there is anything that they should be taught, it is that they must be ready to show kindness to others, having themselves received so much.

Our first duty to the deaf is, of course, to those of our own country, but this has been pretty thoroughly fulfilled. Every deaf-mute in this country may have the advantages of intellectual, industrial and moral training, and of support during the term of instruction, at public expense. On leaving school, he may take whatever place his ability and character will win. He has, in every large city, friends who work to advance his interests, to secure him employment, and to render help by advice, and by furnishing harmless and improving entertainment. If disabled by age or physical infirmity, comfortable homes are maintained for the special benefit of his unfortunate class. On the whole, the average American deaf-mute is able to look out for himself when he leaves school, and need not be regarded all his life as an object of pity and charity. We don't agree with those who think that we should have no sympathy with any people outside of our own country. Less than two thousand years ago the ancestors of most of us were naked savages roaming the woods of the British isles or the sands and bogs along the German ocean, who burned their captives alive, tossed little babies on pikes and sacrificed their own flesh and blood to their cruel idols. Was it not well that Christian missionaries came from other countries to teach them a purer faith and milder customs? If any one thinks the oblique eyes and yellow skin of the Chinese a reason for refusing them sympathy and help, he is referred to the parable of the Good Samaritan for an answer to the question: "Who is my neighbour?"

If we were asked to contribute to a school which undertook to educate all the deaf-mutes of China, we might think it absurd to attack such a vast work with such slender means as we can command. But what the American school has taken in hand is no such formidable work as this. The Chinese think that the deaf can not be taught anything useful, and that they have not souls like other people.

Consequently the thousands of deaf-mutes in China lead the lives of

brutes; abused, ill-fed, deprived of all human rights and without a ray of knowledge. Mrs. Mills, the founder of the American school, proposes to prove to the Chinese government that the deaf can be taught. She will prove this, not by arguing that it can be done, but by doing it. Then, it is reasonable to hope, the Chinese government, which is liberal in its expenditures for schools, will include the deaf in its scheme of national education. Men of world-wide reputation have been interested in this plan, and have promised their help at the proper time. We fully believe that the plan is as practical as it is benevolent.

Returned to School.

Mrs. Ervin had quite a serious attack of illness last month, which kept her out of school for a large part of the time, but she has returned to work and is gaining strength day by day. Our school has been singularly unfortunate this year in losing the services of some valued teachers and officers, either permanently or temporarily. We hope that all the ladies will devote the summer vacation to building up their systems into a condition of vigorous health, so that they can go through the work of the next term with comfort to themselves and to the advantage of the school.

Want Careful Statistics.

One of our subscribers says he has received a "D. & D. Marriage Record," filled out the blanks and returned it to Dr. E. A. Fay, and asks us what it was for. To which we answer that the authorities wish to get fuller and more accurate statistics of the deaf, and especially those that are married, as a great deal of interest in the subject has lately been aroused by a theory of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell that marriages among the deaf have a tendency to produce a deaf variety of the human race. So the deaf all over this country want very careful statistics taken to see if such marriages really have this tendency. It is hoped that the answers received in the forthcoming census will prove the fallacy of the argument, though persons who believe in evolution must necessarily believe Prof. Bell's theory.—*Missouri Record*.

Held in High Esteem.

Mr. H. Humphrey Moore, the American deaf-mute artist living in Paris, has lately had a very gratifying proof of the esteem in which he is held by his brother artists. It seems that some of the greatest French artists became dissatisfied with the management of the Salon, or society which holds annual exhibitions of paintings, so they seceded and established "The New Salon," a similar society of their own. The president of the New Salon is Meissonier, who is now considered the greatest living painter, and in the new society are included most of the leading artists of Paris. This New Salon invited Mr. Moore to send pictures to their exhibition, and he, not having on hand any that he felt were up to the level of his best work, sent eleven, hoping that one or two of them might pass the rigid examination. To his surprise, he received a letter from Meissonier, informing him that all eleven of his pictures had been accepted for exhibition. This alone stamps him as an artist of the first rank—at least in the opinion of the best artists themselves.

TERRAPIN AND BUZZARD.**Mr. Terrapin Gets all of the Honey and Mr. Buzzard Gets Roasted.**

It seems, according to Uncle Remus, that the creatures had all sorts of adventures in the old times, and that it was as true then as it is now that "it takes all sorts of people to make a world." Shrewdness and wit were then, as now, often found combined with treachery and cowardice, as will be seen in the story of MR. TERRAPIN'S PARTNERSHIP WITH MR. BUZZARD.

One day Mr. Terrapin was crawling along, going no where in particular, when Mr. Buzzard swooped down from the sky and lit near him. "What's up now?" asked Brother Terrapin. "I'll tell you," said Brother Buzzard, "I am getting mighty hungry, and I propose that you and I go into the woods and hunt for honey. Whoever finds a bee's nest first must call the other, and we will have share and share alike." "All right!" said Brother Terrapin. He was pleased with the arrangement, because he knew that he was too flat footed to climb the trees where the bees store their honey. But as he was poking along into the forest, he came upon a bumble-bees' nest in the ground. He said to himself: "Shall I call Brother Buzzard, or not? I guess I will taste this honey first, any way." So he crept into the hole and tasted the honey and found it was very good. He kept on eating until he had devoured every bit of it. Then he backed out of the hole and began to think what he should say when he met Brother Buzzard. He licked his paws clean of honey, and tried to lick it off his back, but he could not reach to do it. Then he rolled over and tried to rub the honey off, but he could not get rid of it. Then he thought he would creep off home and pretend to be sick, but just then he looked up and saw his partner sailing around overhead, and he knew that Mr. Buzzard would soon catch sight of him and it was no use to try to slink away. So he crept down into the hole in the ground and lit a fire. Then he came out and called to Brother Buzzard: "Hulloa! here is a bumble-bees' nest, just chock full of honey; come down and get your share!"

Brother Buzzard gladly dropped to Brother Terrapin's side, and said: "I'm monstrous glad you found that honey. I am pretty nigh starved." "All right," said Brother Terrapin, "walk right in and help yourself. Don't be bashful." With that, Brother Buzzard made a dive into the bumble-bees' nest, and no sooner was he in than Brother Terrapin rolled a big stone to the mouth of the hole so Mr. Buzzard couldn't get out. Pretty soon Brother Buzzard began to call out. "O Brother Terrapin, it burns me!" "That is nothing only the bees stinging you," said Brother Terrapin. "Just grin and bear it," says he. But Mr. Buzzard thought that whether it was bees or whether it was something else, he couldn't stand it, so he tried to get out. But the stone which Mr. Terrapin had rolled to the mouth of the hole blocked the way, so he could not get out. So poor old Brother Buzzard was burned up, and nothing was left of him but the stumps of his wing-feathers.

Then what did that hardened old reprobate Brother Terrapin do but take the stumps of these quills and set them in a frame to make a sort of musical instrument, which was called the quills, and play on it. As he played, he sung this song to the accompaniment of the quills—

"I fool, I fool, I fool Brother Buzzard; Brother Buzzard, I fool him, I fool him."

All the other creatures heard Brother Terrapin sing this song and play the accompaniment on the quills, and they wondered what in the world it could mean.

As he sung, he would chuckle to himself as if he were thinking of some very good joke. But he was taken down a peg or two, as we shall perhaps tell in our next.

Peculiar Dumb Bells.

The rooms of the students at the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington are fitted with what we may perhaps call *dumb bells* of a peculiar kind. The bell pull, which looks from outside an ordinary one, is attached to a cord which runs over a pulley, and carries at the end a common window sash weight. The pulley, cord and weight are enclosed in a neat little box on the inside of the room, close by the door frame. When any one "rings the bell," the weight is lifted off the floor to the height of about a foot, and then drops back, jarring the floor in a way that never fails to attract the attention of the inmate of the room.

The Great Diamond Display.

One of the most curious sights in the Paris Exposition was the pavilion of diamonds from the Cape of Good Hope. The diamonds shown in the exhibition must have been worth at least \$40,000,000. There was a model of the Eiffel Tower, made entirely of diamonds, 3½ feet high. The beautiful Imperial diamond I admired for its brilliancy. When rough, it weighed 457 carats; and now, cut and polished, weighs 180 carats. Its value is said to be \$200,000.

Probably the richest and most beautiful exhibits from any foreign country at the Exposition were from Russia. I had no idea of how rich was this half-barbarous country of such a cold clime. What beautiful bronzes of the Caucasus. What ceramics, original in tone and form. What a matchless display of furs and overcoats, some worth \$2,000, simple furred collars at \$800. Particularly noteworthy were the objects in malachite. Malachite is a stone with brilliant greens, shading from almost black through vivid grass-green to nearly white. The polish taken by the stone is exquisite. Tables, mantels, vases, clocks and other articles are made from malachite. One malachite vase in this collection was valued at \$7,500. The tables and stands range in price from \$150 to \$1,000. I saw a fireplace and mantel, made of various Siberian stones in combination. The mantel was malachite, while there were designs in differently colored, highly polished stones, such as bunches of fruit in jasper, raspberries in rhodonite, cherries in crocidolite, clusters of purple grapes in amethyst and green apples in jade, "all so true to life, that one's mouth almost waters at the sight of these effigies of ripe juiciness." The price of this fireplace was \$2,000. — *Berkeley News.*

TALKED TO THE INDIANS.**While Not Identical Their Signs Understood by Our Pupils.**

When Forepaugh's circus was in Trenton last May-day, some of the pupils of this school, meeting Indians travelling with that show, found that they could talk with them without difficulty, through the medium of the sign language. In regard to the similarity between the sign language of the deaf-mutes and that of the Indians, Col. Garrick Mallery, in the Report of the Bureau of Ethnology for the year 1879—80, writes as follows:

"The Indians who have been shown over the civilized East have often succeeded in holding intercourse, by means of their invention and application of principles in what may be called the voiceless mother-utterance, with white deaf-mutes. They showed the greatest pleasure in meeting deaf-mutes, precisely as travellers in a foreign country are rejoiced to meet persons speaking their language, with whom they can hold direct communication without the tiresome and often suspected medium of an interpreter." Col. Mallery describes the visit of a party of Indians to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in 1873, and an interview at the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, in 1880, between seven of the Indians and an equal number of deaf-mute students. On both these occasions the deaf-mutes and the Indians were able to make themselves mutually intelligible, although, naturally, all their signs for the same objects were not identical. At the exhibition given at the close of the term of this school in 1884, one of the features, was the reciting by one of the pupils of a story told by an Indian, in signs, to Col. Mallery, who describes each sign minutely and gives its meaning. The deaf-mutes who were present at the exercises followed the thread of the story without much difficulty.

Omens of Stormy Weather.

A very reliable sign of stormy weather is when the sun rises clear and shortly goes into a cloud. This indicates the presence of rapidly condensing moisture in the atmosphere, which is likely to fall soon as rain. A lurid color of the sky at sunrise, halos around the sun and moon, "a rainbow in the morning," and the "sun drawing water" are due to the same cause, and are all omens of stormy weather. — *Exchange.*

Pulled Their Dresses.

A deaf and dumb lady living in a German city, had, as a companion, a younger woman, who was also deaf and dumb. They lived in a small set of rooms opening on the public corridor of the house. Somebody gave the elder lady a dog as a present. For some time, whenever anybody rang the bell at the door, the dog barked to call the attention of his mistress. The dog soon discovered, however, that neither the bell nor the barking made any impression on the women, and he took to the practice of merely pulling one of them by the dress with his teeth in order to explain that some one was at the door. Gradually the dog ceased to bark altogether, and for more than seven years before his death he remained as mute as his two companions. — *Berkeley News.*

"Crook-back Dick."

The following item will interest our pupils who remember the story of "Crook-back Dick," as given in "The Black Arrow," and in Shakespeare's play of Richard III.

An autograph letter of Richard III. was sold in England recently for about \$5.25 per inch of surface. It was written at Barnard Castle, in Durham, August 4, 1480, or about three years before the crook-back Duke of Gloucester, then Constable and Admiral of England, came to the throne, and is described as "slightly tinged and torn, but written in a small, clear hand, pasted on a sheet of white paper, and inclosed in a glazed oak frame."

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THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR Deaf-Mutes, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions: The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than eight nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or the mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also by a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application, and any desired information in regard to the school, may be obtained by writing to the following address:

Weston Jenkins, A. M.,
Trenton, N. J. Superintendent.